

## SWINDLED FARMERS.

The Game Worked by Two "Horse Traders."

They Were Arrested by the Police Yesterday—Hauwirth Gives Bonds—Police Court Record.

Complaint was made to Chief Paul yesterday by Ben Halphs, of American Fork, and several other farmers from the southern part of the county, that two fellows claiming to be legitimate horse traders were swindling many persons, and a warrant was sworn out by Halphs charging John Doe and Richard Roe with grand larceny. From descriptions furnished Officers Sheets and Rhodes soon arrested the men, who gave the names of J. W. Sherlock and Jack Fisher. Both are glibly and their appearance would give them away in any country. They have been marked by the police. Chief Paul having been notified from Epke Kane that they were headed this way and were up to the same old business of horse trading, they were taken to the market and other places where farmers congregate and negotiate trades in horses. Upon reaching the farmer's market to trade their horses, the animals, mount them and ride away, leaving some old ringbone or spavined horse in its place. They worked this game on Halphs, who was at the market yesterday, and Chief Paul will look into the fellows' records. Their hearing may take place today.

## CONFLICTING STORIES.

A Chinese Peddler Arrested Yesterday for Petit Larceny.

Chin Hing was arrested yesterday afternoon on complaint of a Mrs. Cunningham, who keeps a lodging house at the foot of Franklin avenue, who alleges that the Chinaman entered her house and attempted to steal an overcoat. The Chinaman, however, tells a far different story and his tale of woe is believed by the police. Chin, who is a peddler, says Mrs. Cunningham has been a customer of his of long standing, but has failed to pay for the many articles which she purchased, and owes him \$20. This said \$20 is a small fortune to the Chinaman and he has been very anxious regarding it, visiting the Cunningham house many times in the last week to make a collection. Yesterday he paid the house another visit, but met with the same reception as on former occasions. There was no more to be had. While he was in the house, some one, Chin affirms, put a coat on his back and before he had time to make an investigation he was placed under arrest, charged with the theft of the overcoat. He was released on his own recognizance. Mrs. Cunningham disclaims all knowledge of the Chinaman and stated that she had never seen him before.

## HAUSWIRTH GIVES BONDS.

Hanreth, the Soldier, Sent Up for Forty Days.

John Hauswirth, the carpenter who assailed his wife with a revolver last Sunday night, yesterday secured bondsmen in the persons of W. A. Edwards, George Cottrell, James Goodall and Martin J. Free, and was released from custody. His case has not been set down for hearing, but will probably be called when the police are able to appear. Hauswirth's bond was fixed at \$1,500 on Monday and he has been in custody since Sunday night. Billy Hauswirth, the brother of a soldier who created a disturbance on West Temple street Thursday night, was found guilty by Judge Gee yesterday of drunkenness and fined \$10 for the peace and given forty days in the city jail.

Dick Darlow, who picked the pocket of a Sandy youth, took the youth a silver watch, changed his plea to guilty on the charge of petty larceny and was sentenced to sixty days' hard labor. William Layton, arrested on the charge of vagrancy and residing in a house of ill-fame, was given a hearing and discharged.

The case of Robert Brinton, the fourth of the alleged footpads, was set down for hearing for this afternoon. Brinton was released on his own recognizance.

C. B. Durst, arrested on a charge of hitching a horse to a fire hydrant, made a satisfactory explanation and was discharged.

One drunk forfeited \$5 and two others were discharged.

## STORY OF A PLASTER.

It Was a Mustard Plaster and Full of Potency.

Apocryphal of nothing at all, as the senator remarked when he arose to answer the argument of his colleague, I want to tell the story of Rainmaker, Dyrenforth and the plaster. The Globe-Democrat. It happened long before Mr. Dyrenforth undertook to correct the mistakes of Providence. In fact, it is a story of children. We all like stories about children. Of course I don't refer to any variation of the youthful philosopher yam, told to you by the philosopher's daddy, who would not let him about anything else outside of business hours. Still less do I countenance the irreverent stories related with great gusto by your religious friend who is too cowardly to swear and too wicked to let it alone. I mean stories of real children, with their endless wit and vast, comical lack of experience. I think I have one here of the right sort.

Bobby Dyrenforth had a cold which threatened to settle on his chest. Mrs. Dyrenforth knew that he ought to have a mustard plaster, but the question was how to get it onto him. Bobby did not like medicine. Most boys don't. Their youthful instinct tells them what the investigations of their riper years have proved, and that the average benefits not more than two persons out of three. The doctor and the apothecary are the two, and the patient is the third. Bobby had never heard of a mustard plaster, but it had been told that it was good for him, and that he would probably die without it, he would have sung "I want to be an angel," and run away to go in swimming.

Mrs. Dyrenforth was far too shrewd to make such a mistake. She went quietly down to the store and bought a little box of English mustard. Then she had it wrapped in about a dozen sheets of paper of different colors and brought it home. With great deliberation she unwrapped the plaster of Bobby and his brother Phil, a year younger. They instantly stopped playing or fighting or whatever they happened to be doing at the time, and ran to their mother's side.

"What is it, mother?" they cried in chorus. "It is the real, genuine English mustard," said she impressively, as she removed the last wrapper and pointed to the lion and unicorn on the cover of the box.

"What's that?" cried both boys in chorus. "Say, mother, make one now and show us."

Mrs. Dyrenforth slowly and carefully wrapped the box in the colored papers. The boys looked disappointed. They besought her to make a plaster, even

if she used it all herself and didn't give them any.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, boys," said she with a sudden burst of motherly feeling. "I'll make one tonight, and whichever of you has been the best boy all day shall take it to bed with him."

Having made this offer she adjusted her spectacles and beheld two cherubim. Goodness began to shine out through the skins of those boys. They grew better and better all the forenoon. When she mentioned an errand they fell over each other in their efforts to do it. She sent Phil for a pail of water and Bobby went out and took it away from him, in order to have the credit of the task. They brought in wood enough to last through three winters. In short, if merit could win plasters they both deserved to be covered from head to foot.

It strikes me that this competition was a first rate working model of election and free will. The rivalry was very interesting while it lasted, but Bobby was bound to get the plaster. The only difference is that they didn't both feel sure of it. Indeed, there was one stage of the proceedings when Bobby would have been sure of it at a very low figure. This was at supper-time. The Rev. Mr. Kimmery (related to the admiral) was a guest. Some of the kind always happens when a boy is trying to be good. Bobby's virtue was wrecked on the old, fatal stool, the last piece of cake in the plate. It was a cake of mustard plaster and beckoned to Bobby. It seemed to him that he could hear it talk. But he thought of the mustard plaster and would not yield. Presently Satan suggested a compromise. That is the way the old serpent catches us in great things or small. Pass the cake around, said the accuser of the Brethren. "If nobody else takes that piece of cake you can have it."

Both of the boys had been assisting in waiting on the table. They were working hard, and that mustard plaster. So Bobby seized the plate with the single piece of cake upon it and made the circuit. Every adult member of the household refused to take it. Bobby hesitated, but he couldn't risk the plaster.

"Brother Phil," said he in an affectionate tone, but with a look which meant "if you dare to touch it I'll kick you tomorrow." "Brother Phil, will you have a piece of cake?"

"Don't care if I do," said Phil, and he grabbed it. "That was where the mustard plaster was," Bobby said. "You have broken a plate, and you have sworn in the presence of the Brethren."

Bobby groaned and Phil chuckled. "But Phil," continued the just judge, "has been even worse. He knew you wanted that piece of cake, and he should have left it for you. He tempted you to do what you did, and he was really to blame. The mustard plaster goes to Bobby."

Phil gasped and Bobby nearly jumped out of bed.

"This will feel a little chilly at first," said the mother, as she put the plaster on Bobby's chest, and tied it securely with the knots where he couldn't reach them; "but it will get over that."

The next morning Bobby awoke with a mild, but burning truth concealed under a mist of penitential tears. Bobby, for he knew nothing about mustard plasters.

He lay back upon his pillow and sighed with the satisfaction which comes to all of us in this world when we get what we have worked for and still fondly imagine that it is good.

Phil, who tried to tell him he was asleep, in order to conceal his envy, but at last curiosity got the better of him.

"Is it very chilly now, Bob?" he whispered.

"No," said Bobby, "it's got over that. Mother said it would."

Another considerable interval of silence.

"Mother," said Bobby, "I should be willing that Phil should have a part of the plaster. I feel mean about keeping it all."

Phil looked up hopefully, but Mrs. Dyrenforth said: "No, you've won it fairly, Bobby, and you shall have it all."

"But, mother, I've had it a long time now. Suppose I let Phil take it for a little while—say a couple of hours or so."

"No, that wouldn't be fair. Go to sleep, boys. Perhaps some other time I'll make a plaster for Phil."

Could you make one for him right now?" asked Bobby. "There's plenty of mustard."

But the mother did not reply. She sat sewing by the shaded lamp and trying not to laugh. Phil, meanwhile, in view of his brother's generosity, began to forgive him for being the better boy.

"No," said Bobby, "I don't believe you know everything I've done today. Perhaps I haven't been as good a boy as you think I have. Tell me tomorrow."

But Bobby wouldn't be silenced. He confessed two or three minor sins, but he produced no effect. The mother's face grew more and more stern. He had been entirely innocent. It didn't work.

"You ain't going to die, are you?" Phil whispered anxiously, for his idea of such virtue as his brother was then exhibiting was inseparably connected with death-bed scenes in Sunday school books.

"I dunno," said Bobby, and he did. The plaster seemed to be burning his vitals.

"If you feel real bad about it, perhaps you could let me have the plaster without mother's knowing it."

"I can't untie the strings."

"Turn around here, and I'll untie 'em," said the wicked Phil.

No sooner said than done. Then Bobby adjusted the plaster in the manner which experience had taught him was the most grievous to be borne, and tied the strings so that it would have taken a surgical operation to get the burning mass off Phil's breast.

"Good-night, mother," said Bobby. "I think I can go to sleep now. The plaster is quite warm, but it doesn't burn me so much as it did."

"There was another pause. Then Bobby felt a vigorous kick.

"Bob, you pirate," whispered his brother, "what are you doing to me or I'll commit murder."

"You asked for it, and you can keep it."

Another pause, during which Phil experimented unsuccessfully with the strings which fastened the plaster.

"I'll tell mother," he whispered.

"You don't dare to," replied Bob, in a sneaky voice. "She'd warm you worse than the plaster will."

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Dyrenforth cautiously approached the bed, Bobby was asleep, but Phil lay on his back with the tears trickling over his face.

"Poor little Phil," said his mother, kissing him. "Don't feel so badly about it. I'll make you a mustard plaster some day."

"No, mother, you needn't," said Phil heroically. "I can get along without it."

It is said that this early experience led Phil Dyrenforth into the law, a profession which offers unrivaled advantages for putting the plaster on the other fellow.

The railway mileage in this country today amounts to 171,565.52 miles.

## INQUISITORS' REPORT.

The Grand Jurors Wind Up Their Business.

Work Done During the Long Session—Condition of the Prisons and County Infirmary.

The grand jurors yesterday handed in to Judge Kane's court their final report for the term and were discharged. The report is much shorter and more concise than reports of that kind generally are. The full text of the report is as follows:

Hon. Charles S. Kane, Chief Justice, Utah Territory:

Sir:—The grand jury for the September term, 1893, have the honor to submit the following report:

We commenced our labors on Monday, Sept. 11, 1893, holding daily sessions, Sundays excepted, up to this date.

We have investigated eighty-nine complaints, as follows: Eighteen United States cases; finding indictments as follows: Twelve, and ignored six; seventy-two territorial cases, finding indictments in forty-three and ignoring twenty-eight cases.

THE CITY JAIL.

Having visited the city jail your jury would cheerfully join the chorus (invisible) of those innumerable jurists who have before us in condemnation of this ancient and unpleasant fortress. Judging by the experience of the long line of jurists who have previously condemned this structure we do not expect that our recommendations will be followed strictly, yet we as in duty bound urge the need of a new jail to replace this dark dungeon.

Part of the prison, as the kitchen, dining-room and hallway, seemed neat and clean; but the application of clean water and whitewash would improve most of the walls and the cells. But even then no person should be condemned to sleep in any part of this jail.

At the present time there would be room in the latter prison for more inmates than all who are now in the city jail. Why they are not sent to the county jail, or any one should be sent to this "black hole," we are not able to find out.

THE COUNTY JAIL.

The county jail presents a marked contrast to that of the city. The interior of this jail under the new repairs of a slight leak in the roof, this prison seems a model in all its appointments, and Sheriff McQueen and his staff are to be commended for their faithful discharge of their duties. There is no complaint of the food furnished here or at the city jail.

PENITENTIARY.

We find the penitentiary in excellent condition, cleanliness and order being everywhere maintained. The new printed rules for the government of the guards perfect discipline has been inaugurated, reflecting great credit upon Marshal Brigham and the acting warden, Felix Stark, and promoting safety and comfort throughout the prison. Several improvements seem worthy of special mention: a system of mail and alarm bells has been put in place, connecting electrically all parts of the prison with the warden's office, so that at any moment any guard on duty can be summoned, warned, or called for help or sound a general alarm. A thorough and scientific system of identification of prisoners has been introduced. All prisoners are photographed upon entering the penitentiary and accurate and minute description of each one, including all peculiar marks and scars, is entered in a record book kept for the purpose. The interior of the yard is now lighted by means of four large locomotive headlights. Two sets of cobbler's tools have been purchased, furnishing employment to prisoners and materially reducing the expense of supplying shoes. A drug dispensary under the care of Dr. John S. Wither has materially lessened the cost of the medical department. Dr. Wither is a popular among the prisoners and the general good health of the prisoners attests the admirable management and skill exercised in his department.

A saving of several hundred dollars has been effected under the present administration by securing lower prices for supplies and by economy in the use of what has been purchased.

While it is to be regretted that the penitentiary is not a reformatory and that no regular employment is given to the prisoners, still it appears that everything possible is done to occupy the time of as many prisoners as can be made to do it. The routine of the prison and in farm work on the reservation. The women prisoners are also given employment in mending the clothes of the inmates.

COUNTY INFIRMARY.

The jury takes pleasure in commending the present management of the county infirmary. We found not a single objectionable feature. The food is abundant and of best quality, and the premises are kept scrupulously clean—the rules of good sanitation being observed as far as the limited facilities of drainage will permit.

We especially congratulate the people on the administration of the county board in this department and particularly in the construction of an additional building which will enable the county to provide for the county's hospital patients on the premises at an expense of less than \$14 per month, instead of \$30 per month as at present in the city hospitals. The difference in cost to the county will pay for the additional building many times.

We hope, however, the time is not far distant when the county will provide a place with more acres for the infirmary, believing the products of the land would materially decrease even the present monthly cost of the patients maintained.

DAVID UTTER, Foreman.

JOHN MONTGOMERY, JR., Secretary.

As the name indicates, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a renewer of the hair, including its growth, health, youthful color and beauty. It will please you.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, flatulence, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between shoulders, chills and fever, etc.? If you have any of these symptoms your liver is out of order and your blood is slowly being poisoned because your liver does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottles at Z. C. M. I. drug department.

HEED THE WARNING

Which nature is constantly giving in the shape of boils, pimples, eruptions, sores, etc. These show that the blood is contaminated, and some assistance must be given to relieve the trouble. This is the remedy to force out these poisons, and enable you to

GET WELL.

"I have had for years a humor in my blood, which made me dread to see the doctor. My pimples would be out, this causing the shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of my favorite Herbine, the skin cleared up, my blood became healthy, and I feel like a new man. I should be able to sleep at night, and feel like running a foot race from this time on."

CHAS. HATTON, 77 Laurel st., Phila. Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ALBANY, Ga.

## TERRIBLE ITCHING.

Skin and Scalp. Tried Everything—Used Cuticura. In Three Weeks Not a Scar or Pimple.

When my baby was three months old his cheeks and forehead began to break out with white pimples on red skin. In a few days itching commenced, which was terrible. After he would rub it matter would come from the points. In a short time it spread over the top of his head, then scalp and face. We used everything we could get, but it did not improve. Five months. It grew worse all the time. I saw your advertisement in a Chicago weekly. We purchased Cuticura Remedies and commenced their use. In three weeks' time there was not a sore or pimple, not even a scar, on head or face. He is now six months old, and has no signs of the disease. His scalp is healthy and he has a beautiful head of hair. (See picture.)

Mrs. OSCAR JAMES, Woodstock, Kan.

Cuticura cured a Disease which I had three years. My skin was sore and in cold weather my face was a mass of scales. The pain so intense it would bring tears. I tried every remedy with little benefit. The first application CUTICURA gave instant relief. In a few weeks' time cured. EDWARD KETAS, 2704 Union Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

CUTICURA REMOVES THE NEW BORN Purifier, internally to cleanse the blood of all impurities and promotes elimination, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, with CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier, externally, have cured thousands of cases where the suffering was almost beyond endurance. Hair, face, or all gone, disfigurement terrible.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; Soap, 25c. Resistant to all impurities and all kinds of skin diseases. Absolutely pure. Also Cuticura Soap, 50c. Price, 25c. Mailed free.

AGGING SIDES AND BACK.

Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weakness relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing plaster.

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A COUNTRY SPORT.

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Barlow Brothers' Mammoth Minstrels.

Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 26 and 27. Usual prices. Sale of seats begins Friday, Nov. 24.

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OUR STOCK COMPANY IN THEATRE.

First-class performances hourly. New features in Curie Hall. ADMISSION 10c.

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SHILOH'S CURE

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

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CONTINENTAL MARKET.

(North Entrance.)

High Patent Flour, per cwt. \$3.00.

25 pounds Rolled Oats, \$1.00.

15 pounds Granulated Sugar, \$1.00.

25 pounds Rice, 25 cents.

5 pounds Beans, 25 cents.

Tomatoes per can, 25 cents.

Very soon per can, 25 cents.

C. & B. Pickles, pints, 40 cents.

C. & B. Pickles, quarts, 75 cents.

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C. W. PENROSE, EDITOR.

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Train leaves Rio Grande Western Depot, Salt Lake City at 9:25 p. m.

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## SUNOL!

Superintending the shoeing of Sunol with the Putnam Nail.

PROSPECT HILL STOCK FARM, MILLER & SIBLEY, FRANKLIN, VERMONT, U.S.A., Feb. 15, 1893.

PUTNAM NAIL CO., Neponset, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:—Replying to your favor of the 14th inst. will state that I have used the Putnam Nail and others, but it has come to the point with me now where I will not allow any more nails to be used than the Putnam Forged Nail if I can prevent it. While there may be others as good, I know what these are, and cannot afford to make experiments.

Very respectfully yours,

CHAS. MARION

The Putnam Nail is the only exclusively Hot-Forged and Hammer-Pointed Nail.

Look in your smith's shoeing box, if the nails have smooth edges for the whole length they are the PUTNAM, for they are Hammer-Pointed and are not sheared.

The above picture, from a photo representing Mr. Marion, while superintending the shoeing of Sunol, will be sent in the form of a ball, one, size, 6c, on thick, white paper, with wide margin, on receipt of 2 cent stamp for postage, etc.

PUTNAM NAIL CO., Neponset, Boston, Mass.

Budget—Did you get them clothes at Gabel's Sport—You bet, he's a winner, run to Gabel's to get 'em.

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Extract of Beef.

The Temple Spoon.

Sold by travelers to be among the handiest of all Souvenir Spoons. Is of teaspoon size, full weight, made from Utah Silver, Seattle, Wash. The Angel Spoon, as represented by Dallin's magnificent statue on the tower of the Mormon Temple, is on front handle. The words "Salt Lake City and the beautiful view of the great Salt Lake" are on the reverse, while the Temple is artistically represented in the bowl.

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